

On the night they killed Faye Tucker  
I was gambling away my last dime  
Well I pulled down the lever  
And I sent up a prayer  
That my luck would not be denied

My luck would not be denied

Roll out the head of Faye Tucker  
And never you mind what they say  
You may be reborn but its all just for scorn  
And that's what you'll take to the grave  
That's what you'll take to the grave

Well the minister wants you to live now  
And the governor wants you to fry  
And whatever it was that you thought might occur  
They got something else in their minds

The got something else in their minds

If you live they gonna make you a campaigner  
If you die they gonna make you a grave  
Either way it goes down  
Well your life's not your own

And that's why killin' don't pay  
That's why killin' don't pay

I thought I heard the angel's bells  
But they were just the hounds of hell

What did you learn Faye Tucker  
What will take from this world

Well mercy could prove us  
But nothing would move us

To rise above just being cruel  
To rise above just being cruel